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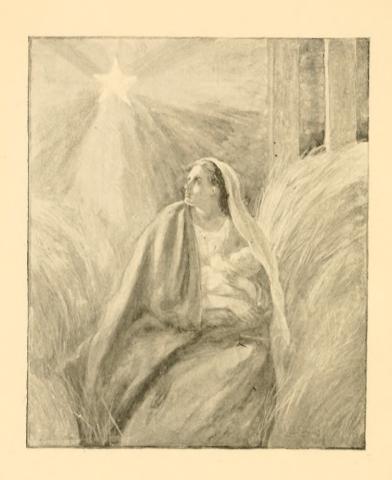












* MARY'S * VISIOD. *

ELIZBETH BO COMINS.

33





BOSTON, U. S. A.
L. PRANG & COMPANY.

Well she knew the babe she worshipped For no common lot was born;

By presentiment of torture
Was her heart with anguish torn?





Bending o'er her God-given treasure,
With a mother's hopes and fears,
Did she feel the chilling shadow
Of the cross of fatare years?

Let as hope to her were granted

Other visions, fairer far,

Shining out through nights of torture.

Bright as Bethlehem's gaiding star.





That she raised the mystic dortain

Hiding wonders yet to dome,

Saw the birthday of her darling

Sanctified in every home.

Heard the cry of Merry Ohristmas:
Saw the millions filled with joy

At the happy, hallowed season

Kept in memory of her boy.





Knew that hearts grown cold and selfish, Generous, helpful, true became, Stirred to higher, hobler impulse At the sound of her child's name. Heard the glorious hymn of promise,
Sing by angel choirs then,
Echo through all coming ages
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."
Lizbeth B. Comins.

















